

MUG's Plan Gala Affair

Last week a MUG's dance ballot was conducted in the College Cafeteria by members of the MUG's Executive. Fifty-five men and twenty-five women voted on the ballot. They were asked to name in order of preference their favourite dances along with the costume for the evening.

The male vote was overwhelmingly for informal dress while the female

vote showed a preference for informal dress or hard times for the coming dance. Generally, masquerade and formal dress drew only a small vote.

Again, students preferred fox-trots and waltzes above any other kind of dance. Other dances seem to receive small vote percentages mainly through the need for ability in manoeuvring across the dance floor.

Suggestions with the vote showed that certain voters commented regarding the dance.

One voter requested an orchestra be in attendance, while another voter suggested that Branson (MUG's president) come sober. Other suggestions: Lower Hall be lit and heated properly (?); bromoseltzer, free beer, and free mixers be issued. We had, as usual an unprintable suggestion from Ron Birch, while one excited male wished to jive all night in formal clothes. The last suggestion was that Branson, Sherrat, Lochhead and Watson come in a different condition than at the last dance. (Branson certainly is building a reputation!)

Forgetting the ballot, we have been informed that the dance will be semi-formal, priced at \$2 a couple. Andy Anderson's orchestra will be in attendance. Permission has been obtained to make this dance a major function—that means 9:00 'till 1:00.

This dance has every indication of being one of the most successful dances of the year. The only way to ensure its success is for every male at the College to find himself a member of the opposite sex and bring her along.

Profits will be devoted to furnishing the Men's Commons.

See you all tomorrow night at the Badminton Hall.

Cars needed to transport girls' hockey team up to Duncan.

Former College Student Gives Benefit Recital

Robin Wood, a student of Victoria College from 1941 to 1944, has been studying and performing music in London, England, for the past seven years. When he heard of the Victoria College Fiftieth Anniversary Library Fund established a year ago, he offered to give a "benefit" recital upon his return to his native city. When Mr. Wood gives a piano recital at the College on Thursday evening, November 19th, all the proceeds will go to augment our Library Fund which has reached \$5,602.00.

Mr. Robin Wood is playing to the general public at a recital on November 11th and as soloist with the Victoria Symphony Orchestra on November 16th. The College recital, to be played on a specially loaned grand piano, is particularly for the students and their parents and friends.

Tickets are \$1.00, with a special rate of 50 cents for College students and are available from the Principal or the Librarian or through certain members of the student body who are trying to assure Robin Wood of a full house in courteous appreciation of his generous contribution to the holdings of our new Library. The date again: Thursday, November 19.

VIC COLLEGE HAILS TOTEM

MARTLET SPONSORS TOTEM TICKETS

Acting on behalf of many students in the College and Normal School, Martlet representatives met with producers of the Totem Theatre last week to discuss reduced student rates.

Producers Thor Arngrim and Stuart Baker agreed to reserve a block of

student seats, for the second Monday night of each production. Tickets valued from \$1.00 to \$2.00 will be available to College and Normal School students at the special price of 50 cents. Voucher tickets, purchased at the Martlet Office, may be exchanged at the Totem box office. The Martlet will sponsor the sale of tickets on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at noon, the week before "student night."

Today is your final chance to exchange 50 cents for a ticket to "The Moon Is Blue," the Canadian premiere of a play which rocked New York and London. Following the performance, producers Baker and Arngrim are willing to take students on a tour of offices and dressing rooms backstage.

The Totem Theatre and the Martlet Newspaper are working to build an audience of tomorrow and foster the growth of the living theatre in Victoria.

EXPOSE

Statistics show that the recent College Fishing Derby was won by the two sponsors, Pete McMullan and Mike Rose, who between them carried off first, second and third prizes as well as the Hidden Weight Prize thus sharing the money of the twelve suckers who entered. It might be added that the fish were seen by nobody and we suspect that both money and fish were in the drink. Your Martlet representative promises to look into the matter and give you a full report in the not too distant future.

Your Democratic Privilege

By Nancy Hodges

The recent extension of the provincial franchise to young people of 19 years and over will, I hope, be taken as a stimulating challenge by the student body of our colleges and the university. For it will bring a very large group of young British Columbians into the orbit of citizenship. And citizenship is a status not to be taken lightly in these days, when the world is witnessing the ominous rise of ideologies which have for their avowed objective the moulding of those subjected to them, into a pathetic pattern of almost inanimate servitude and slavish subordination to the decrees of dictatorship.

Students of the social and political sciences are, of course aware of these conditions in world affairs and are, I feel confident, alive to the menace of insidious doctrines which find their most fertile field in public apathy and inertia. As an American statesman aptly expressed it two hundred years ago:

"It is the common fate of the indolent to see their rights become a prey to the active. The condition upon which God hath given liberty to man is eternal vigilance, which condition, if he break, servitude is at once the consequence of his crime and the punishment of his guilt."

Much is written and spoken of the rights and privileges of citizenship, but not enough emphasis is placed upon its duties and responsibilities. The leavening of the body politic with this new group of prospective youthful voters should infuse new strength and new purpose into our provincial citizenry. That, however, will only be attained if a thinking, active student body will take the lead in rising to the challenge by studying and debating the issues at stake, weighing all the political platforms and personalities involved in every election campaign, and, after careful consideration, making their own decisions as how to vote—But To Vote!

Knowing the calibre of British Columbia youth, I have no fear but that they will prove themselves equal to the challenge, in so doing they will give a much-needed stimulus to the more adult members of the electorate who have grown apathetic to the real meaning and significance of the democratic process.

GOLFING

The College Golf Tournament held last week on the Uplands Golf Course was won by Don Rantz who made a score of eighty-two for the best round of the tournament. His net score after the subtraction of the handicap was 66; Tom Ward was second with 67 and Gary Potter, third with a 68. Winning the booby prize was Bob Harman who shot a brilliant sixty over par on a 70 par course. (Editor's Note—Suggest he purchase a bicycle to speed up play.)

Support both Viking teams—Rugby on Saturdays, soccer on Sundays.

toria. This move has the full support of the TNR and faculties of both Normal School and College. Said Mr. Pettit, "The Martlet is to be highly commended. I hope the plan succeeds."

EDITORIAL

The Martlet has not forgotten the issue of the ban of press representation on the Council. The Martlet believes that the Students' Council has not forgotten the issue either. However, The Martlet feels unable to compete with the Council's display of unquestioned decisions and convenient amnesia. The Students' Council, by completely ignoring the motion of the A.M.S., has indicated probably a policy for the coming year; a policy of arbitrary control.

The Students' Council has the advantage of continuing the controversy by adding to its propaganda through spectators, staff support and word of mouth indoctrination, an original but unconstitutional plebiscite. The Martlet feels the Council will forget the whole thing rather discreetly allowing Council affairs to continue in a quiet, unopposed, probably inefficient way while the students continue to believe that the Council is run from the Registrar's Office or the Women's Common Room.

Thus The Martlet will slip submissively into a puerile condition and exist merely for the spreading of the gospel of Michael Rose, Ian Parker and Marg Gildea, for another year of empty thoughts and even emptier bank accounts.

Once again, the Students' Council have proved that the Council may be seen but not heard. And as we watch our A.M.S. fees disappear slowly over the horizon one student is heard to murmur, "Thank you, Lord, for a silent press, a capable PUBS director and an almighty Students' Council."

Vic College Student Spends Hectic Two Weeks With Totem

By Gerald Guest

Some people liked "Antigone"; some people didn't. The line of definition probably boils down to a matter of personal taste. I can't state my personal opinion because I didn't see the whole show. One thing I do know—the folks down at Totem enjoyed doing every bit of it. I suppose I, as a stranger there, was able to see just how much theatre means to those people. For the first three weeks of October I worked with them on a small part in "Antigone." I wasn't working a full day—just a few rehearsals and then a two week run, six evening performances and one matinee a week. But I'd always wanted the experience, and this was my chance. I didn't know what I was really going to learn.

At Totem you run a hectic schedule. Your day doesn't start until about 10:30 a.m. If you have a part in the next play you rehearse all day until about 4:30 p.m. By 7:00 p.m. you have to be backstage preparing for the evening performance of the show you rehearsed last week. If you hear the stage door slam behind you before midnight, you're lucky. This day goes ditto Monday through Saturday. And Sunday!—Well, when we were doing "Antigone" the dress rehearsal began at 10:00 p.m. and lasted until 6:30 a.m. Monday. At 8:45 a.m. Mr. Bishop, in English 200, gave me a dirty look for falling out of my seat.

"To work like that," you say, "people must really love their profession!" Everyone at Totem does. They know what their job is, and they're

striving to do it. Their job, as they see it, is to establish in Western Canada a professional theatre to bring to Canadians the culture that only professional theatre can offer. They want to call Victoria home, but Victoria must first make them feel at home. During the run of "Antigone" I saw those actors preparing to pack their bags. The crisis had arrived. Lack of financial support was going to send Totem on its way. The management knew it, the cast knew it, and so they decided to let Victoria know it.

YOUR PATRONAGE

Totem Theatre is staggering to its feet now, but it's not yet standing firmly. If you haven't yet seen a Totem production, why not trot down and see what you think of it? You can't pass judgment until you've given Totem a chance to show you what you've been missing. An old thespian once defined theatre as "a contributing relationship between the playwright, the actor, and the community." So you see, we each have a part to perform in "theatre."

Touching Moments for the Tourist By Our French Correspondent (The Martlet's Answer to the T.N.R.)

One of my most touching moments during my stay in Paris was a conducted tour of the Tour O'Eiffel—in fact I was so touched that I found myself out 400 francs.

Another place to stay away from is Versailles. Much has been said about French honesty. I regret to say that none of it is true and this was brought home to me most forcibly when I attempted to acquire some culture at this graveyard of French art. We were turned over to the custody of a character who looked as though he had tried to catch the Scarlet Pimpernel and failed miserably. With many injunctions to look "a gauche" and "a droite" at the "jolies peintures" and equally "jolies tapisseries" (translate them yourself) we were shown through room after room filled with uncomfortable furniture and pictures of characters striking noble attitudes while standing on top of a dead rabbit, deer or Christian. I thought the whole dump needed a spring-clean, preferably done with a large bomb. So much for the resting place of France's revenge against the world.

GUIDE OR BANDIT?

Anyway, we had got about halfway through when the bandit who called himself a guide suddenly locked the door behind us and stationed himself in front of a small exit in a menacing attitude. Before I could

draw my .45 my fellow tourists had started to file past dropping alms in his outstretched claw. This extortionist announced to us in what I supposed fondly to be English that were to be conducted the rest of the way by another man whose name I did not catch but I imagine it was Marat. It was two to one so I had to cough up. I firmly believe that as far as the average Frenchman is concerned, the way to heaven is paved with francs, preferably other peoples.

After two days of this legal robbery called sightseeing I gave it up and confined myself to a very pleasant section of Paris known as the Rue de la Booz. The people are so friendly; so many girls wanted me to buy them a drink.

And so with the Red Burgundy running down our chins we take reluctant leave of inebriated France and its simple, peasant-like tour conductors.

Get Your Totem Tickets Today

LATE FLASH!

Three members of the College Vikings Rugby Team have been asked to try for a position on the Victoria Rep team, the Crimson Tide. They are Vikings captain, Sedge Richardson, Tom Ward and Malcolm Anderson. This team will be in the competition for the McKechnie Cup against the Varsity Thunderbirds and Vancouver Reps.



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Spillane Clears the Shelf

It was my last 50 cents, but I threw it on the bar and gulped down the jigger of Scotch. I threw the glass through the bar mirror and left. I was loaded and I loved it. I wanted to kill him. I wanted to bare his guts and play a tune on them with a knife. I leaned against a street lamp.

Right now he was probably running his filthy hands over Laura. I wanted to cut holes in his soles with a can opener and put hook worm larvae in the wounds. A blind woman sang "Rock of Ages" as she wavered her tin cup. I slapped her across the face and pocketed the coins.

I couldn't stand it. I had no business letting Laura go through with it. I hailed a cab, told the driver an address a block from her apartment.

"Let you go for five bucks," the hack said when we stopped.

I grabbed him by the throat and, swaying to the irregular sound of the idling motor, I dragged him outside, opened the hood and fed him into the fan until his shoes crashed through a nearby window.

I went up the fire escape to the roof of her apartment building. The skylight led to her kitchen. I quietly

lowered myself in. Through the crack in the closed door I could see him slobbering his greasy lips over her as he calmly puffed a Spud, waiting for me.

I took a Thompson sub from the broom closet and walked in behind them. He heard me and spun around. I took his head off just above the collar.

She blew a smoke ring.
"Must you always be so sloppy?" she laughed, "C'mere."

I threw the Thompson down and pulled her to me. There was a scream. It was me. The Spud was still in her mouth when I kissed her.

Then a guy walked in. It was her kid brother from Apeside U. He was young and big and had a small strip of tape on one cheek. He was wearing a dark blue sport coat, gray pants, white shirt, and maroon bow tie, a Tartan jerkin and white bucks.

"Who are you?" I asked him anyway.

"Zeta Beta Tau," he said with a sneer as he chewed his pipe and ran a hand casually along his blond crew cut.

"So what?" I snarled, uninterested in the gambling feats of his ancestors. But not wishing to disturb the already messy floor, I restrained myself.

"See that tower over there, Bud?" I said, pointing out the window.

He walked over and leaned out. One swift kick did it.

(Reprinted from the Wisconsin "Octopus").

How to be a Queen

Have you always felt you were a Queen? Have you always known you were born to reign over something? Then it is not too early for you to begin establishing your position as potential Cafeteria Queen of 1954.

Your name and Cafeteria must be synonymous in the minds of the whole College. You must make yourself as much a part of that Caf, as the dirty dishes and stale smoke. Your friends can be sure to meet you there and it is a most encouraging sign if you notice your enemies avoiding the building altogether. The Faculty ought to be forced to realize your position too. The best way to accomplish this is to greet the professor whose lecture you have just "missed" with a large, friendly grin the minute he opens the Caf door and to hand in the next assignment complete with coffee stains.

Of course the fewer lectures you attend, the better. Some pitiful souls only make the Great Trek to the Cafeteria once or twice a day and it would be fatal for your reputation if you weren't there.

If it is absolutely necessary that you occasionally drop into the other building, say to your friend five or six times in a loud, clear voice, "I'll be over in the Caf. Imogene." All conversation begins: "I was sitting in the Caf when..."

The last and most important rules to be observed are: always sit facing the door, wear sweaters of chartreuse or passionate purple, and develop a truly distinctive laugh.

There is only one disadvantage to all this. You'll know what it is if you think of the Mid-Terms.

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REAL GONE

Man, this is a real crazy College. Last year I had the choice of joining the S.C.M., I.V.C.F., V.I.C.L., B.C. H.I.S., etc. Do you know what I wound up as—a registered member of the Seafarer's International Union with an enormous bill for annual dues. But your troubles don't end there. If you think they play poker, blackjack or tiddly-winks at the Players Club, you're going to be disappointed. The name of a club doesn't mean a thing. For instance, did you know that the Badminton Club and the Rugby Team played badminton and rugby? Here was I thinking that these two carefree social clubs only held dances and furthered the social aims of young freshettes while all the time they used i.e. the name Rugby Team for the continuation of the sport of rugby.

What are you to believe? Why only the other day someone tried to convince me there was a Pre-Bed club in the College. A name means nothing. What do you think is the attraction of the Camera Club? The darkroom of course! And the Grass Hockey Team—do you think that is monopolized by girls? Another interesting point—no doubt, you've heard of the WUGS and the MUGS, but do you know the place where undergrads of both sexes meet? The Library, where talk is pleasant and work is impossible.

But this confusion is not confined to clubs and teams. How many students know about the courses in Pool 100 and 200 (advanced) and in Caf 102? In the latter one may pass into Caf 202 if one also writes essays in this popular institution. Even the regular courses appear under assumed names, as Psychology (really Self-Analysis 100), Philosophy 100 (Deep-sleep 100), Maths 100 (Mental Tension 100), and so on.

Finally to the social field. For boys there is the Jay-Little course and for girls the Ander-Sonrose course in social development leading to diplomas in acceptability and plain ability. Naturally these courses are offshoots of Extra-Effective Living 90 (College functions, late nights and bromoseltzer) and Bachannalus 200 (breakfast parties, early mornings and pick-ups).

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College Teams Open Season

BASKETBALL TAKES OPENERS RUGBY HAS INITIAL SUCCESS

The College basketball team, the Vikings, have started their season undefeated with two decisive victories over Normal School. College scored all their points early to win the first game 28-11. With Corbett, 20 points and Winter, 17 points, showing the way, Vikings won the second game 53-24. Part-time refereeing by the Vikings' manager didn't exactly harm the College's point total.

Playing an exciting, fast-moving game, the Vikings look like a good bet to win their free beer for an undefeated season. The presence of a few more fans would certainly encourage the boys.

The Rugby team, while not undefeated, came through with their initial Second Division win against Shawnigan Lake, 6-0. Rod Shearing, who happened to fall on the ball, and Ellis Achten, who climaxed a 25-yard run by leaping bunny-like over the lone defender, scored the first tries for the College this season.

SHAWNIGAN DEFEATED

While the Vikings earned this victory by their hustle, Shawnigan handed over the game by fumbling three times on the three yard line when in the clear. Once their over-eagerness is cured, Shawnigan will be a tough team to beat.

Last Saturday Vikings played Oak Bay Wanderers, First Div., losing by

only 9-0. By continual hustle and the replacement of Sedge Richardson as referee, Vikings held the Wanderers scoreless in the second half after allowing three tries earlier. This could be attributed to the fact that College had 16 players to Oak Bay's 14, from the beginning of the second half. Stu Wright, Don Cox and Ellis Achten were outstanding while the return of Tom Ward and his excellent kicking held Wanderers at bay for most of the game.

Scrum trouble still prevailed but with the rush of injuries that have struck the team, they will be lucky if there is a team by Christmas. They are now losing one man per game; Cec Branson and Pete McMullan, with a broken finger, are still recovering. Against Shawnigan, Rod Shearing re-injured his knee while playing against the Wanderers. Tom Oswald, an ex-Shawnigan player, had his nose broken in four places. Even with Ward's return, the scrum has been forced to fill up the gap with second team replacements. The only original members are Ron Smith, Stu Wright, Sedge Richardson and Mike Rose (when he isn't driving girls to Duncan).

PICKBURN NEW COACH

The Vikings soccer team has played three Junior League games without a win but under the capable coaching of ex-Victoria United's John Pickburn and the potential players for an excellent team, the future is anything but gloomy. A close 3-1 loss to Royal Roads has been the Vikings' closest bid for victory and only the early season lack of stamina held our boys back. Monty Little, Jim Sherratt and Ron Hughes are playing a good game on a team which is showing commendable enthusiasm and improvement.

DUNCAN OPENER

The Girls' Grass Hockey team is visiting Duncan for an opening game in preparation for the Bridgeman Cup. The team has been practicing frequently for this game and those making the Duncan trip are: Val Potter, Marg Gildea, Louise Heal, Marlene Vance, Sheila Kingham

Now Hear This..

It has been noticed that certain Freshettes have definitely been "discovered" by the Soph boys and are consequently finding it impossible to keep their minds on lectures. Carol's telephone number is misprinted in the Directory but of course we all know who to ask for the correct one...

The W.C. (Women's Commons) informs me that it will be deeply appreciated if the "lower hall boys" will try to make their remarks either a little louder or not at all. It seems the girls just can't quite hear and the curiosity is often unbearable.

Suggestions from Lynn and Mike for the improvement of the back table in the library—candle-light and soft music! Some poor soul also suggested the addition of a "flirting prohibited" sign. However, we are sure that it was merely due to his complete misunderstanding of the main purpose of the College library.

Ron is wholeheartedly with the College again but we seem to be only sharing Jim's loyalty. Any information concerning Normal School dances may be had from our friendly experts, George and Pete.

(captain), Grace Codville, Jo Ellis, Pam Campbell, Anne Pomeroy, Donna Harrison, Gloria Molofy, and Pat White. The girls are still looking for more transportation and, of course, lots of support.

CALL FOR SUPPORT

Once again The Martlet sports department wishes to take up the matter of student support for College athletic functions. There were only seven girls with sufficient interest (in the boys or the games) to attend any College games. We thank them but what has happened to the other two hundred and fifty plus who don't play? Studying has become an over-used and feeble excuse. If College entails so much studying why do so many people spend their time in the Cafeteria? Surely every student can spare a couple of hours to support one or all of the College teams. With Rugby, Soccer, Basketball (both sexes) and Grass Hockey the College sports calendar certainly does not lack variety. You'd be surprised what a little encouragement does for a team and if any team needs encouragement it is a College team.

As for suggestions, why not have a Bulletin Board giving dates, places, teams and scores in order that no one can say, with a vacant expression, "I never heard about it." This scoreboard should be placed in a conspicuous place, preferably in the Caf.

Also, at the present time, a Booster Club is being planned by Council members Brian Smith and Marlene Vance. This organization would have the express purpose of promoting attendance at every College game with pep meets, cheer leaders and organized support.

But, whatever effort is made by a few, the final test of College spirit lies with you, the student. If you don't play, then support—this is your College and remember these are your teams, support them, damn it!

Martlet Disclaims Bottle Party

This is to disclaim the rumour that The Martlet will be holding a gigantic party during the Christmas season of festivities. Unfortunately, certain perennial merrymakers, viz., Pete McMullan, Marge Gildea and Tom Ward, have made repeated attacks on the editor for, as one astute observer put it, "one he— of a bash."

The Martlet, which is penniless anyway, upholds the Victorian tradition of an evening by the fire, rather than dissipation by the bottle. In fact, if it was not for the sobriety and temperance of The Martlet staff, the whole Martlet grant (\$1.50) from the Students' Council would be spent by these merrymakers in the aforementioned bash.

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